LEADER.

Aye, strange is thy treasure !

AGAVE.

And strange was the taking !

LEADER.

Thou art glad ?

AGAVE.

Beyond measure ;
Yea, glad in the breaking
Of dawn upon all this land,
By the prize, the prize of my hand I

Show then to all the land, unhappy one,
The trophy of this deed that thou hast, done !

AGAVE.

Ho, all ye men that round the citadel
And shining towers of ancient Thcbi dwell,
Come ! Look upon this prize, this lion's spoil,
That we have taken — yea, with our own toil,
We, Cadmus' daughters ! Not with leathern-set
Thessalian javelins, not with hunter's net,
Only white arms and swift hands* bladed fall.
Why make ye much ado, and boast withal
Your armourers' engines ? See, these palms were
bare
That caught the angry beast, and held, and tare
The limbs of him ! „ . . Father ! . . .
Go, bring
to me
My father I . . . Aye, and Pcntheus, where is he,